



The McGill Daily Literary Supplement



Vol. I, No. 14

Price Five Cents

February 4, 1925

A Study in Nomenclature

A Review
by C. L. Copland

The Directory of Students (Session 1924-1925); published by McGill University, Montreal; presented by the Students' Council.

WHAT 'S in a name? I had always been fascinated by names, despite the affected snicker which so often accompanies the time-honoured and familiar query on the subject; in my younger days it was a real joy to walk along the business streets and haltingly spell out the words that glared down at me from every sign-board, and then to return home in triumph and announce, "I know where lame Mr. Andersen has his store. I saw his name over it." And in the long winter evenings I would take the ponderous directory over in front of the fire, cross my legs comfortably, and then revel in the mysteries which were hidden between the dull red covers.

You may judge, then, with what interest I perused the Students' directory when it was issued some weeks ago. I admit that to many in the University the little volume is invaluable for reference, and that the statistician might find it to have reduced confusion over addresses and telephone numbers by about 75.89 percent. With such persons I have absolutely no quarrel, but for me that aspect of the value of the directory is far subordinate to its value as a handbook of nomenclature. I think that we at McGill are a fairly representative group, so that there is no reason for any findings being considered unusual.

A first glance through the directory might give one the impression that we are an intensely religious community, for I found many Biblical names. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, are both with us, as is the patriarch Abraham; the tribe of Benjamin is represented, and neither David the king nor his wise son Solomon are missing. Of the old Testament prophets there is Amos, and of the disciples Simon and Andrew, James and Luke. Among the officers of the church are the Pope, two Abbots, a Monk and a Priest. But a closer study of the book reveals the fact that all classes of society are to be found. First of all stands, of course, the King, immediately followed by Le Baron; but the Hunter, the Farmer, the Carter, the Brewer, the Barber, the Draper, the Baker and the Butler stand as worthy representatives of the "tiers état".

I remember once having the privilege of paying a visit to the finest zoological gardens in the world, where I learnt the names of many living things. To anyone who has had the same experience I would suggest that if he ever wants to refresh his memory as to just what he did see, he need only pick up the directory and peruse it at leisure. Not only will he find a reference (albeit a scattered one) to the location of the famous gardens, namely London, England, and of less-known ones in Berlin, but also an enumeration of the things to be seen in them—the Wolf, the Fox, the Hare, the Fish, and also the Partridge and the Peacock.

Canadian lovers of literature are
(Continued on Page Four).

On Oysters, Old Hats & Old Shoes

by Lawrence Wright

AN essay (was it Montaigne who said it) is but an attempt; and recently we have come across two brief works, evidently from the hand of an amateur, or amateurs, of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth centuries. These, it is easily seen, are from a novice pen and upon close examination it may be seen that they possess anachronisms and dubious interpretations, which cause their authenticity to be doubted. But their time of writing matters little, and as we do not know their author he matters but little also. Regarding their discovery we are reminded of the famous Bishop Percy, who uncovered old ballads, genuine and otherwise, quite by chance, for "ON OYSTERS" and "ON OLD HATS AND OLD SHOES", the two essays reprinted here, were found quite accidentally when one of the noble curators was sweeping the recesses of the Arts Building. As is generally known, that venerable edifice dates back hundreds of years, so it is quite possible that the manuscripts have lain untouched

The Camel and The Needle's Eye

A. J. M. Smith.

MR. Wilbur O. Grossman, millionaire company promoter, banker, and philanthropist, proved the truth of his physician's prediction that he would live the night, and, paying a final tribute to the doctor's discernment, passed away as the first gray wisps of dawn were building fantastic patterns among the darker shadows about the bed.

Of the successful magnate it can be said with truth that his death was the greatest surprise of his life. For the first time he had to acknowledge defeat; and a pitiful expression of pained astonishment came over the cold, hard face of the dying man as the realization assailed his fading brain that now at last the power of wealth and commercial success had become of no avail. But only for a moment. His darkening mind refused to dwell upon his earthly riches, which after all, were "slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men"—a comforting reflection at such a moment—and a beatific smile of pious expectancy on the stiffening face of the dead man told that his last thought had been of the eternal heaven to which he was

Grossman, millionaire company-promoter, banker, and philanthropist, could not at once bring itself to forsake the body that had been its home for more than three score years, and it lingered for a little time within the cramped confines of the best coffin that money could buy. A fashionable firm of funeral directors had been entrusted with the final ceremony, and the embalming, as a result, was of the finest workmanship; but, even so, it was not long before the suffocating atmosphere of the grave began to be laden with a deep and sinister heaviness. Gradually the little soul became aware of the primal urge of a divine necessity impelling it to hazard the chances of its new-born liberty, and shaking itself free of the flesh forever, the soul of what once had been a man, escaped from the trammels of the world.

It soared outward and upward through the mahogany board, the rich tan, the grass, up into the clear air, and on through an infinity of inconceivable distances through the pure aether where the morning stars sang together, and the heavens declared the glory of God. Moons rose, and planets sailed by like gold-fish in a bowl, and friendly comets came and wagged their tails, and the dog-stars barked at the winging soul. Far below, dimly discerned through vast convolutions of chaos, the sun came forth like a bridegroom from his chamber. The days were telling one another, and one night was certifying another. The firmament was shewing the handiwork of its Creator, and matter and energy, mutually reacting, obeyed His law.

But the significance of this colossal exhibition was lost upon the soul panting for the pearly gates, the gentle pastures, the still waters, and the city built of fine gold where it was to be exalted forever, crowned and seated upon the Right Hand. This was the soul of a good, successful man, thank Heaven! and it had every right to claim its just reward. It rather hoped, too, that in this might be included the privilege of looking down at some of the fools and sinners in the fire.

But something had gone wrong, for nowhere could the little soul find the heaven that the late Mr. Grossman had so confidently expected to inhabit, and presently vague suggestions seemed to take shape and form in sound—the sound of a colossal laughter.

Heard dimly first as a faint jarring among the spheres, the volume of its noise rose and rolled in reverberating peals through the blind spaces of the universe. The little mean soul shrank into itself, seeking a vain escape from the all pervading laughter. The firmament was shaking its sides in paroxysms of holy mirth and in the observatories of five continents men on earth looking through long telescopes saw shooting stars and wavering comets and twinkling constellations.

That the Wilbur Grossmans of this world should imagine themselves capable of finding the Elysium of the young-eyed gods was too much for the Comic Spirit of the Universe, and a clanging peal of cosmic laughter destroyed the soul of a millionaire company-promoter, banker, and philanthropist in the cataclysm of its tempestuous immensity.

IRONY

by Vincent Starr

ONE wanted water,
But the pump was rust;
He begged for bread,
And they gave him dust;
He looked for Love,
And found Lust.

Another asked for water,
But was offered wine;
He begged a bit of bread,
And they took him to dine;
In the eyes of a Harlot
He saw Love shine.

where they had been thrown by an irate pedagogue, who had in vain been attempting to teach the gentle art of writing the English language to some long dead and stupid students. It is interesting to remark that though many years have passed since these essays were evidently written, the average student of to-day has much in common with his forerunner, in that he knows little about English, whether his matriculation is of the Ontario or of the Quebec standard. The time of revolution in this branch we believe to be near at hand, but in the meantime we print the following, with the hope that they may interest our readers to some small degree.

On Oysters

PICKING up one of the journals which came from off the presses this day, I spied a saying of that great writer of causticity, Jonathan Swift, to the effect that indeed it was a bold man that first ate an oyster; but musing on this witty epigram throughout the hour I spent in my favourite coffee shop drinking ale, I have come to the conclusion that he who first did eat of an oyster was not bold, as our venerable Dean would have us believe. For, in truth, he who did first perceive that that slimy thing did contain nourishing qualities, must have done it of a necessity and not
(Continued on Page Four).

Indubitably going.

For Mr. Grossman had been a Good Man.

His efficiency, hard-headedness, and an almost uncanny ability to forestall progress by a few hours and a great many dollars had won him an enviable reputation as a solid business man and a leading citizen. His domestic life was no less worthy of emulation. He was a devoted husband, and had presented his youthful, pretty wife with an almost maternal tenderness. Nor was he unmindful of the value of spiritual sincerity and humble religion. One of the most fashionable churches in the most exclusive suburb claimed him with pride as its most influential member; and as he reflected on his deathbed with no little satisfaction, his subscriptions to Foreign Missions had been superlative, too. He never played golf on Sunday.

And so he died—happy in the conviction that the frock-coated respectability of a lifetime of pious Sabbaths punctuating the efficient hustling of six energetic week days had given him the inalienable right to a centre seat in the bald-headed row at all performances of the Heavenly Choir.

But things befell in this wise.

The soul of the late Mr. Wilbur O.

The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Published on Wednesdays during the academic year by the McGill Daily, the Official Organ of the Student's Society of McGill University

Editor: A. J. M. SMITH
Associate Editor: ALLAN B. LATHAM

Contributions are welcomed from all members of the University. Articles submitted should be written on one side of the paper, and should be addressed to the Editor, the MCGILL DAILY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The editors are not responsible for the opinions of contributors to this publication.

Vol. I, No. 14

February 4, 1925

To Gown or Not to Gown?

THE proposal to compel undergraduates in Arts to wear gowns during lectures is one which merits serious consideration. The time when that academic custom was in vogue is now beyond the memory of most students, and the venture, if put into practice, will thus be in the nature of an instructive experiment. If attended with no other benefit it will at least furnish some accurate data for the formulation of a sound philosophy of clothes. How far does dress affect deportment, and the covering of the body influence the receptivity of the mind? Will the assumption of an academic garb be the occasion of a great revival of learning? May we expect an intellectual renaissance to accompany the donning of the toga? These are questions which will be answered if the majority of undergraduates in Arts are ready to override those who are inclined to oppose the adoption of the gown upon merely reasonable grounds. The opponents of the gown urge that the "black rag with a hole in it" will be an expense, even if a light one; that it will be a nuisance, making punctual students late and late students later; that it is not as efficient as an ordinary coarse "lab" coat for the protection of clothes; and, finally, that it is unsanitary. There is, no doubt, a certain weight behind these arguments, but that upon which the opponents of the gown have seemed most confidently to base their objections is that it will make the wearer look ridiculous. But this, surely, depends more upon the man in the gown than on the gown itself, and if precautions were taken to procure a long enough garment it might even be of no little service in providing a decent covering for bandy legs or knock knees. Nevertheless the contention that the gown will reduce the student to an absurdity is as reasonable as the idea that it will give him a grave and academic air. This in fact is the great experiment. Will the adoption of an academic dress make for better, more serious students, for men sincerely interested in science, art and letters, eagerly pursuing learning for its own sake, or will the gown be merely the untidy black rag it appears to the superficial observer? Will it bring with it those qualities and virtues of which it is the symbol, or will it be only the banner of an empty hope? For ourselves, we are frankly sceptical.

Enter the Players

THE keen interest exhibited in the work of the newly-formed Players' Club, and shown in the enthusiastic response to the call for players issued by the casting committee is a great source of satisfaction to all who are interested in the drama. For a long time McGill has borne the reproach of doing little to encourage a serious and enlightened dramatic activity. That reproach can now no longer be levelled, and that this is so is due in a great measure to the enthusiasm and effort of the undergraduates themselves.

The choice of plays for the first production is a bold and interesting one. A tense, almost melodramatic Galsworthy playlet, an Eastern fantasy, and one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations". This will please the most varied tastes, and their production in a home made Little Theatre should afford an interesting education in Stagecraft for producers, actors and audience alike. We wish the venture every success.

"BLUE PENCIL"

by Maurice Caron

Writers of news and staters of views,
Scanners of "copy" and critics who
muse,

Be this in praise of you.

Those who intend by pen to offend,
Those who contend the pen will mend,
Be this advice to you.

AFTER all, it does not seem so very long ago when we found that box of tacks in the cupboard. We were very young then. We took that box of tacks and pounded them into the top door-step—every tack in the box.

Had we waited a few years we would have expressed our freedom by hammering them into some design—the number of our father's house or profile of pretty sister.

But today we use the tacks only to keep down the corners of badly geared moulding.

And this little incident of the tacks is in everything we attempt. It enters by the door of youth's criticism, always ajar, and departs when tolerance sidles up to us and cracks a joke.

At first we have our own ideas about the tacks, then we are forced to follow someone's else's idea about them, and finally we form new ideas, having learned the "five finger exercises" of what we are doing.

Our writing is nothing other than our box of tacks. We enter some newspaper office, and, being glared at by a sharp and rather decent City Editor, spill our tacks, and hammer them where they lie. This man with a frown and a curse—but he is smiling the while—introduces us to a dull blue pencil.

Instinctively we detest the little beast. In the hand of the City Editor it glides over the lines, hacking away, but writing very little.

One laughs at it then, and says "You fiend, and you can't write yourself. Yes, and I hate and hate and hate you."

The man at the desk looks at this blue pencil of his, sharpens it as though it were not sharp enough, fondles it and places it gently in the desk drawer. "Saying after me in the manner of the ritual 'Great Little God of Hosts and Dinner Parties, Speakers—and Mighty Champion of the Pen.'"

Again you and I, bring in our stories of the streets. The Blue'n takes his course bitter, but always less bitter, for he is teaching us what not to write.

One day we grow tired of watching his work. We see him lying upon the desk. Catching him in our fingers, we tip our "copy" with him. Even in our own hands he starts!

This is our first real introduction. Line by line we score our own sheets and smile in delight. The little creature smiles back as he whispers, "I am always smiling. I was smiling when you spilled the tacks. I laughed when you hammered them because I saw what was in you. Had you gathered all those tacks, and placed them back in the box and had sat composed, I would never have crossed out your lines. I wouldn't have been interested. Then you never would have written because you would never have known me."

Children of the pen, meet the blue pencil and make him your host, being careful the while of your table manners.

At the table you will note that you and pen will doze a little but blue pencil will keep awake. He is not allowed to sleep.

"Blue pencil, I hate you for that. Blue pencil I love you for that."

Grammar: A Study in Futility

OF the many subjects taught in our common schools perhaps grammar is the most futile. Grammar is a study which purports to acquaint the student with the multitudinous classifications of words and phrases, their proper use in sentences, and the changes which words and groups of words undergo in form in order to express various meanings.

Grammar regarded as a formal science is clearly ill-fitted for elementary public instruction; particularly because it is most complicated in its detailed analysis, its technical vocabulary is large and difficult, and the mere fact of its being only a formal science puts it in the order of precedence at an immeasurable distance behind natural history and natural philosophy. It is really a most frightful affair, when one considers that children in schools are subjected to years of the tyrannizing and mind-numbing influence of a crystallized set of formulae and analyses, which should be investigated by only the most specialized scholars. Children are graduated from schools with a knowledge of grammatical structure and accidence, which has been instilled in them with much pains and almost no understanding, while at the same time they are ignorant of the most fundamental facts of biology, geology and astronomy. It is the writer's opinion that more time is wasted in schools on the study of grammar than on any other subject, including what is known by the de-lusive name of "scripture."

Grammar, of course, may be urged on account of its value in assuring correctness of speech on the part of

those who have mastered it. Now right here is probably the crux of the whole matter for the advocati diaboli of grammar. There have always been two dialects spoken in every country—one of the plebeians and the other of the patricians. In large new countries like the United States and Canada there are vast hordes of people who are anxious to be considered as of the latter class. They are consequently under the necessity of adopting the patrician dialect. This they often cannot do, so they send their children to school to learn this strange language which is guaranteed to make for so much social prestige. Grammar which in this regard is an analysis of the speech of the small literary and cultured class, is held to be a short-cut to the Parnassus of "correct" utterance.

It is one of the theses of this discussion that grammar along with its sillier but less insidious twin, composition, is most useless as a channel for the ebullient middle and lower classes leading to the haven of the language of the blessed and perhaps the angels. It is here suggested that grammar as a school subject be forever banned—to be replaced by hours of conversation between the pupils and people who speak the blessed tongue of culture (say unsuccessful members of authors' associations) on all legitimate subjects from those of lunar and solar eclipses, parlor games, mediaeval handicraft, and Swiss winter sports to those of the life-history of frogs and the martyrdom of Alban Verulamius.

Without impugning the uselessness of instruction in grammar for infants, (Continued on page three.)

The Enshrining of St. Diszno

by L. C. Tombs.

THE so-called Feast of St. Sylvester—New Year's Eve—is the jolliest as well as the most solemn night of the year in Hungary. Between Christmas and New Year's the good Hungarian people busy themselves preparing for this very special occasion when not St. Sylvester but St. Diszno is re-enshrined in the hearts of Magyarorszag, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Centuries ago, Hungary adopted as its patron saints, the one, the Blessed Virgin—whose statue, medal or picture, even wearing the Hungarian crown with the surmounting cross bent as Kossuth bent it in 1848, one sees everywhere with the Infant Christ in her arms; the other, St. Stephen, the heroic apostolic king, patron of Christianity and founder of the kingdom. Countless other saints are held in high regard, including the revered Sylvester, but first place is given—literally given—to that sweet little compelling figure, St. Diszno. New Year's Eve is unreservedly set aside to do him honour. But for days previous his name is on everyone's lips and his likeness is displayed everywhere.

On this feast which is erroneously known as St. Sylvester, a pleasant young Hungarian, who speaks English after a fashion, took me to one of the very many restaurants in Budapest where one may drink wonderful "tokaji" (pronounced "tokoy") and listen to delightful Hungarian music, tunelessly played by a "cigany" (gypsy) band. We ate the proverbial young roast pork, had one or two chocolate cakes and a tall, slender bottle of wine. There was no dancing but the music was very beautiful. Hungarian music, at the outset usually moving, sending wave after wave of emotion through one, very often takes on a happier complexion, finishing in a wild ecstasy of the "csardas" (pronounced "chardash") the rollicking national dance. The Hungarian gypsies are, with those of Rumania (notably Transylvania, part of Old Hungary), the true gypsies of legend and song, and play in an unexcelled manner. The cafe was crowded and stuffy with people and tobacco smoke. Men and women ate and ate and drank and drank. As midnight approached, more and more pressed in until scarcely standing room remained. St. Diszno veritably had many disciples. On the first stroke of twelve announcing the birth of A.D. 1925, the lights were mysteriously extinguished and brilliant red, white and green tongues of fire sprang up here and there. The gypsies commenced the impressive national hymn which hundreds sang or rather chanted. New Year's greetings were exchanged but strangely enough there was nothing of a demonstrative nature although Hungarians are a romantic and warm-hearted people. The lights flashed on. Then wonder of wonders: St. Diszno himself entered!

The saint in whose honour we (including even a Canadian) had gathered. But, alas! he was evidently "too far gone" to support himself with decorum and displayed a very marked unwillingness to accept the plaudits accorded him. Even the saint had succumbed on New Year's Eve—in fact he had to be securely carried by a grinning waiter, doubtless a species of acolyte cleverly disguised. Yet worse, St. Diszno, instead of bestowing blessings upon the hundreds before him, uttered sounds of a most inarticulate nature. He seemed greatly agitated, and it was all that his supporter could do to

French Players Light Comedy At the Orpheum

THE new French company of actors who are presenting light comedies at the Orpheum Theatre opened their second week on Monday night with Pierre Weber's "Chambre a Part." The French people in Montreal seem to be more fortunate than the English this season, for while two Parisian troupes, first the Porte St. Martin Company and now the present Company, have been playing at the Orpheum almost steadily since the first of October, legitimate plays have been crowded out of His Majesty's by burlesque shows

and musical comedies.

It would be unfair to the actors at present playing at the Orpheum to make comparisons to the Porte St. Martin players. The Porte St. Martin players were acting in plays that called for a certain depth of feeling, although they were sometimes guilty of crossing the boundary line into melodrama. The company now at the Orpheum makes no pretension to supply anything but amusement. But they do this with charm, art and a certain "je ne sais quoi." Last week in "La fleur d'oranger" M. Lemarchand gave a farcical interpretation of a bad-tempered father and this week MM. Charly Gerval and Gaston de St. Jean share honours with Mlle.

Dherblay in "Chambre a Part."

"Chambre a Part," as the name suggests, is a domestic comedy in which the material is derived from a young married couple who occupy separate rooms a little too consistently. Expressed thus it sounds a rather hackneyed situation for a comedy (and so it is) but it is made delightful by skilful handling and manipulation. Mlle. Dherblay makes a piquante Colette, the young wife who seeks a divorce after being married six months, and M. Charly Gerval (who made his initial appearance on Monday night) gives a very natural and virile picture of her husband. Mlle. Geneva is good as the buxom professional corespondent in divorce cases and so is Celeste Conway (of blessed memory) as the interfering maid. Of Mlle. Conway I say "of blessed memory" because it was she who as the English maid last week when questioned as to how she had got to France exclaimed, "So 'ee asked me to tyke a boat trip with 'im; but I was a good girl then."

Numerous asides and soliloquies are rather trying, but the actors play with such gusto and frankness that the artificiality of the play is not a fault. The only criticism I have to make is that the young man who ushered me to my seat when I entered was wearing a coat altogether too large for him when I spied him again this time on the stage as one of the guests at a dance. (But even at that I imagine an usher feels it more undignified to appear as a super than a super does to usher in a theatre.)

—W.G.T.

The Ascetic Who Found Another Way

LIT a little candle
Before a little shrine;
I ate a little white bread,
And drank a little wine,
And stretched after vespers
Across a spikey pine:
I was sound asleep by nine.

Better to me than brandy
Was the bloody wine;
Sweeter than a lighthouse
My candle did shine,
And I thought that it was fitter
On bitter bread to dine
Than to sup at high table
On the red meat of kine.

But my body grew so weak
And my spirit so strong
That body couldn't follow
After very long
The dictates of the spirit,
And erred and did wrong.

So I snuffed the little candle,
And closed the little shrine;
I fed the birds the white bread,
And tossed off the wine:
I took a new line.

And now I drink brandy,
And juniper and gin,
And my jolly red nose
Makes even Parson grin,
And to eat a good beef steak
I hold as no sin—
Even on Friday
If the priest isn't in.

My spirit like my body
Grows mellow and gay;
They're both such boon companions
That every night I pray,
"Mary, keep them long together,"
Then I drink the dark away
Till the morning comes gray.

A. J. M. S.

prevent him from escaping through the door. St. Diszno, so soon to join the ranks of martyrs, perhaps more familiar by his Latin name of Porcus Sanctus, or to drag him down to vulgar English, stripping him of all his titles plain piglet, passed us to receive a pat or a pull of his diminutive, curly tail for "good luck." Several of his brothers soon arrived on the scene to undergo a similar process. The adoration of that animal so dear to the palates of Hungarians, but a repulsive beast to certain races and religions, officially ended the pig-

lets departed, carefully washed and combed as they were, with red, white and green ribbons around their chubby necks, yet destined to be eaten on the morrow. Then a grimy chimney sweep, scoty broom in hand, entered unseen and danced in and out between tables as another emblem of "good luck." Glasses were refilled, innumerable toasts were drunk, the gypsies struck up more cheerful music, and strengthened and inspired by the sight and voice and touch of their true patron saint, the festive ones saw too soon the grey light of New Year's Day.

Grammar: A Study in Futility

(Continued from page Two)

It might still be questioned whether the above substitution would be of much utility for we must always remember that the doctors of good speech often disagree. There is in fact, no real standard which we may erect as our criterion and beacon. One must keep in mind that neither a text-book of syntactical rules nor a manual of English composition was put in the hands of the great author of the Pentateuch on Mount Sinai. One must also retain in one's memory the venerable anecdote of the reply of Emperor Sigismondo at the trial of John Huss to the remark of a certain cardinal, who had objected to the emperor's treatment of the noun "schisma" as feminine, namely "Rex Romanorum sum et supra grammaticam."

By the daily consideration of these things with say a five-minute period of pondering over these little pragmatic stories we shall eventually become so incensed over this question that we shall be constrained to chase the monster grammar to its Warren where we shall heroically asphyxiate it.—A. B. L.

Vanity and Conceit

These two terms are almost always confused. I suggest a real distinction between them. Vanity refers rather to our regard for the opinions of others, conceit to our opinion of ourselves. The man who wishes to be thought clever is vain. The man who without foundation considers himself to be clever is conceited. Neither of these necessarily implies the other. People with an excessively high estimate of their own ability may care nothing about what others think of them. People without such a high self-esteem may still be very keen about securing the esteem of others. In actual life, vanity and conceit are usually, but not necessarily associated.

Little Jessie James Bright Musical Entertainment

EVIDENTLY overcome with remorse at having given us seats somewhere near the back of the theatre last week, the man in the box office at His Majesty's relented and went to the opposite extreme of placing us in the centre of row A. Our ears were removed only a few inches from the blaring saxophones of the James Boys, and our eyes but a little further from the twinkling legs of the small but select chorus which is not the least of the many attractive features of "Little Jessie James." Nevertheless in this case we lost little by the close proximity of the players. Their make-up was perfect, and the attractiveness of the girls was not lessened by close observation. The singing which was perhaps not as strong as it might be, is clear, and the words of the songs, many of them exceptionally witty, were easily distinguishable.

"Little Jessie James" is a very good example of the unpretentious, clever "intimate" type of musical comedy created by the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern combination at the Princess Theatre, New York, and while hardly up to the best of the Princess shows, it is a more than usually attractive musical play. It has all the necessary ingredients of a delightful entertainment—attractive, catchy music, a slight, farcical plot, some situations of genuine comedy, and a goodly proportion of neat lines, just spiced here and there with a sufficient flavor of "double entendre" to tickle the palate of those who like that sort of thing, and not enough to offend those who do not.

The plot, such as it is, deals with the troubles of a young man whose little "tea for two" with another man's wife is rendered hazardous by the invasion of his flat by a host of people including the lady's husband, a Herculean bill collector of unprepossessing appearance, his friend with whom he shares the apartment, and this gentleman's fiancée and prospective mother-in-law. Mixed up in it somehow is a low comedy furniture dealer who has been using the apartment as a show room, his customer from Kansas, and her sprightly daughter, Little Jessie James, who has come down to show Broadway that there is nothing slow about Kansas. The intrigue is more tangled than we can hope to unravel here. There is much misunderstanding and hiding and running about during which a young gentleman and a young lady are forced to seek refuge from their respective fiancée and husband in the capacious darkness of a disappearing bed. It is all very absurd, very funny, and deliciously well done.

The finest comedy is in the hands of Allen Kearns in the role of Tommy Tinker, the much harassed young man. Mr. Kearns is a comedian of rare ability. Every look, gesture, expression, tone of voice tells, and he kept the house in high spirits all the time he was on the stage. Laura Hamilton in the role of Little Jessie brought a impudent charm and a pleasing personality as well as a fine sense of comedy to the interpretation of a role that might have been written for her. If you want to see the modern flapper as drawn by John Held, Jr. in the pages of *Burtress Dietch*, it is not hard to do. The performance of John Muligan as this lady's saturnine hus-

The Ontogeny of an Artist

"A Story-Teller's Story" by
Sherwood Anderson

THE author of "Many Marriages" and "Horses and Men" has at last given us a book of frank confessions, startling in its self-revelation and instructive in its introspection. Although the contents of "A Story-teller's Story" are doubtless of no more reliable biographical value than the actual autobiography in some of Mr. Anderson's other works, we are always glad to have another work from the hand of one who is perhaps the greatest exponent of the new middle-western school of letters. For among the literary productions of Sherwood Anderson there exists no tale which is completely a disappointment.

Mr. Anderson's father was a traveling vagabond, whose slight pretence at a profession was occasional sign-posting and his mother was a hard-working silent woman of Italian descent destined to die young. He himself and his brothers had the most fortunate upbringing—they were partly vagabond along with their progenitor, (although they had to do most of his work, and were finally let loose upon the world to struggle for themselves, as in point of fact they had always done. The fortunate part of this is the marvellous set of experiences through which Sherwood Anderson was to pass and the intimate acquaintance with the life of the new industrial class and its by-products which he obtained thereby.

"A Story-teller's Story" is one of the best autobiographies that have even been written in the United States and is certainly very much better than the self-life of Mark Twain which was published at about the same time. I believe that the success of "A Story-teller's Story" is chiefly owing to its originality, ingenuousness, and entire lack of apparent plan. It might be said, in comparison, that the fault of Mark Twain's autobiography was the author's cold-blooded plan to compose his book without a plan.

—Anaximander.

The Garret

COME let us pity those who are better off than we are. Come, my friends, and remember that the rich have butlers and no friends,

And we have friends and no butlers. Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet like a gilded Pavlova,

And I am near my desire.

Nor has life in it aught better

Than this hour of clear coolness, the hour of waking together.

—Ezra Pound

band and the dancing of the eight chorus girls is all else that merits special praise.

On the whole "Little Jessie James" is a very pleasing entertainment, it is unpretentious and amusing, and the best way of spending an evening without using your head that can be found in town this week.

—A. J. M. S.

On Oysters, Old Hats & Old Shoes

(Continued from Page One).

from sheer bravado. Which all, in sheer truth, reminds us of the old adage which does state that necessity is the mother of invention.

Wrapping myself in my thoughts, after having paid for the draught which I had had off nap, I proceeded towards Westminster, where many brave men do lie in dust; and as I wandered through the busy streets I did wonder how many of those mortals who do lie within the abbey had become famous because of necessity and not because of natural desires. Even, says I, that renowned bard Shakespeare—though his bones do not lie within Westminster—might never have become the famed playwright that he was, if he had not had to work for a living, whereas it is also said that the ancient Greek who lived in the barrel—I remember not his name at the moment—did so only because of an irate landlord. And verily that sweet lady of Scotland, Queen Mary, did attain great fame only through the kindly though unasked for interest of Elizabeth.

It was while thinking thus, that I saw approaching my friend of the Tusked Boar and White Hind, and I easily perceived that he was in his early morning jovial mood. "Greetings, friend," says he, as he extended his daintily scented fingers for me to touch airily. "I listened yesterday fortnight to an eloquent and devout sermon by the Lord Bishop of Tweak-eaze in which his reverence discoursed at great length upon the greatness of Jonah. But yet," says he, "I cannot for the life of me see why the prophet should be elevated so highly, save that he was swallowed by a whale. And I doubt not but that Jonah himself had no wish to pass through that gruesome experience. Yet a dog's obeyed in office and Jonah is lauded by the Bishop. In sooth if this fundamentalism comes not to a quick stop there shall be a schism within the ranks of the clergy."

And so saying, the man with the nose that shone in the night like a lantern, hustled away to be lost in the mass of hurrying citizens. Yes, indeed, fair reader, it was not a bold man that first ate an oyster. But that does not answer the question: Why do we eat oysters this day?

On Old Hats and Old Shoes.

THIS day was shopping day, for I found that my toes were nigh projecting through my shoes and that my hat was but a sorry sight. In consequence I did take my way towards the purveyors of clothing for the sterner sex, where after some hesitation I did purchase (1) one new hat of a rakish cavalierish style. In spite of the Cromwellian spirit of the time and (2) one pair of fine shoes for the covering of my feet.

Then to home—that is to my poor apartments—where I did throw my old garb aside and did don the new. But laying my time-worn shoes and my faded hat away, the joy of purchase did leave me and keen pangs of regret did enter in instead. For of a truth old shoes and old hats are like old friends. They have been well tried and have been faithful, though the rocks on the road of life have been keen and though the showers from the skies of adversity have been mightily heavy. Donning my new head gear it did fit but ill; yet I knew as the days did pass by, it would settle around my head with the greatest of comfort, fitting itself without being fitted, every bit of the inside clinging snugly. Hats, be it said, become used to one's head only as the time passes; and when a hat

A Study in Nomenclature

(Continued from Page One).

continually asking when a true native poetry and prose will appear. I shrink from committing myself on such an important question, but I would suggest that if the tradition attaching itself to names has any meaning, we who are at McGill should soon see a great uprising on this side of the water. Within our walls are Bacon, Burke, Burns, Macaulay and Scott; and we are even reminded of Robert Louis Stevenson when we find that both Jekyll and Hyde are with us.

If one wished to use a horribly mixed metaphor he might say that we have all shades of opinion in the University—Black, Blond, Brown, Gray, Green and also pure White. But we cannot boast of having all the seasons, for only Sommer, Falls and Winter are here. And it would seem obvious that during the session the latter is predominant, as we have both Snow and a Snowball; in fact, the weather might always be Fair and Cool, were there not a trace of Fogg in the Airey.

Although many other gleanings of interest could be made, I will make but one, and that of particular reference to the plutocrats among us; I find that, as far as automobiles are concerned, we can boast of but one Pierce, one Maxwell and one Ford.

is old and done for, I do give it to a wandering vagabond of a soldier with feelings of sorrow and regret, for I am giving away a friend who has served me well. It has covered me from storms, it has cast aside the hot glances of the king of the heavens, and its waving plume has been admired by eyes that shone with delight as I walked through the throngs in the park. Well can I realize why the Latin historian said of Caesar that he would as lief lose his head as his helmet, for without the latter the former would have been worth but little; and why also, when Horatio did swim the Tiber he had a great care to bring his equipment along with him: verily, a new metal headpiece would have required much fitting and fixing and the old one, though dented, was still truly useful. In sooth, then, our hats and our friends are much alike, for they are hard to get, easily lost, they know our head and our head, knowing them, loves them and is loath to part with them.

So also it is with our boots and shoes, be they of the seven league varley or of the type which are worn at court functions only. Often do we hear red blooded men express the wish to die with their shoes on, for they know then that if they do so, they do finish this life in the company of friends. A shoe that doth hurt is no friend, but merely an acquaintance, for one whom you know well taketh full care never to press either against corps or bunions, pressure on sore spots inevitably causing irritation, which well may prove fatal. But a true shoe protecteth the sole from hurt, even as does a friend protect his friend's reputation from harm, spreading no idle rumours and allowing none to be spread. Both shoes and friends are great helps and aids along the somewhat dusty and stony road of life, and when they must be laid aside, we do it with a tear and with a sigh.

Yes, this day I did purchase new shoes and a new hat. I wear them this night when I shall sally forth to the play at the Globe; but, in full faith, I am sure that that wretched vagabond to whom I gave my cast-off apparel but this minute, will be more comfortable with my old friends, than I shall be with mine, that are new.



Literary Supplement



Vol. 1, No. 14

Price Five Cents

February 4, 1925

A Study in
NomenclatureA Review
by C. L. Copland

The Directory of Students (Session 1924-1925); published by McGill University, Montreal; presented by the Students' Council.

WHAT'S in a name? I had always been fascinated by names, despite the affected snicker which so often accompanies the time-honoured and familiar query on the subject; in my younger days it was a real joy to walk along the business streets and haltingly spell out the words that glared down at me from every sign-board, and then to return home in triumph and announce, "I know where lame Mr. Andersen has his store, I saw his name over it." And in the long winter evenings I would take the ponderous directory over in front of the fire, cross my legs comfortably, and then revel in the mysteries which were hidden between the dull red covers.

You may judge, then, with what interest I perused the Students' directory when it was issued some weeks ago. I admit that to many in the University the little volume is invaluable for reference, and that the statistician might find it to have reduced confusion over addresses and telephone numbers by about 75.89 percent. With such persons I have absolutely no quarrel, but for me that aspect of the value of the directory is far subordinate to its value as a handbook of nomenclature. I think that we at McGill are a fairly representative group, so that there is no reason for any findings being considered unusual.

A first glance through the directory might give one the impression that we are an intensely religious community, for I found many Biblical names. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, are both with us, as is the patriarch Abraham; the tribe of Benjamin is represented, and neither David the king nor his wise son Solomon are missing. Of the old Testament prophets there is Amos, and of the disciples Simon and Andrew, James and Luke. Among the officers of the church are the Pope, two Abbots, a Monk and a Priest. But a closer study of the book reveals the fact that all classes of society are to be found. First of all stands, of course, the King, immediately followed by Le Baron; but the Hunter, the Farmer, the Carter, the Brewer, the Barber, the Draper, the Baker and the Butler stand as worthy representatives of the "tiers etat".

I remember once having the privilege of paying a visit to the finest zoological gardens in the world, where I learnt the names of many living things. To anyone who has had the same experience I would suggest that if he ever wants to refresh his memory as to just what he did see, he need only pick up the directory and peruse it at leisure. Not only will he find a reference (albeit a scattered one) to the location of the famous gardens, namely London, England, and of less-known ones in Berlin, but also an enumeration of the things to be seen in them—the Wolf, the Fox, the Hare, the Fish, and also the Partridge and the Peacock.

Canadian lovers of literature are
(Continued on Page Four).

On Oysters,
Old Hats &
Old Shoes

by Lawrence Wright

AN essay (was it Montaigne who said it) is but an attempt; and recently we have come across two brief works, evidently from the hand of an amateur, or amateurs, of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth centuries. These, it is easily seen, are from a novice pen and upon close examination it may be seen that they possess anachronisms and dubious interpolations, which cause their authenticity to be doubted. But their time of writing matters little, and as we do not know their author he matters but little also. Regarding their discovery we are reminded of the famous Bishop Percy, who uncovered old ballads, genuine and otherwise, quite by chance, for "ON OYSTERS" and "ON OLD HATS AND OLD SHOES", the two essays reprinted here, were found quite accidentally when one of the noble curators was sweeping the recesses of the Arts Building. As is generally known, that venerable edifice dates back hundreds of years, so it is quite possible that the manuscripts have lain untouched

where they had been thrown by an irate pedagogue, who had in vain been attempting to teach the gentle art of writing the English language to some long dead and stupid students. It is interesting to remark that though many years have passed since these essays were evidently written, the average student of to-day has much in common with his forerunner, in that he knows little about English, whether his matriculation is of the Ontario or of the Quebec standard. The time of revolution in this branch we believe to be near at hand, but in the meantime we print the following, with the hope that they may interest our readers to some small degree.

On Oysters

PICKING up one of the journals which came from off the presses this day, I spied a saying of that great writer of causticity, Jonathan Swift, to the effect that indeed it was a bold man that first ate an oyster; but musing on this witty epigram throughout the hour I spent in my favourite coffee shop drinking ale, I have come to the conclusion that he who first did eat of an oyster was not bold, as our venerable Dean would have us believe. For, in truth, he who did first perceive that that glimy thing did contain nourishing qualities, must have done it of a necessity and not
(Continued on Page Four).

The Camel and The Needle's Eye

A. J. M. Smith.

MR. Wilbur O. Grossman, millionaire company-promoter, banker, and philanthropist, proved the truth of his physician's prediction that he would live the night, and, paying a final tribute to the doctor's discernment, passed away as the first gray wisps of dawn were building fantastic patterns among the darker shadows about the bed.

Of the successful magnate it can be said with truth that his death was the greatest surprise of his life. For the first time he had to acknowledge defeat; and a pitiful expression of pained astonishment came over the cold, hard face of the dying man as the realization assailed his fading brain that now at last the power of wealth and commercial success had become of no avail. But only for a moment. His darkening mind refused to dwell upon his earthly riches, which, after all, were "slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men"—a comforting reflection at such a moment—and a beatific smile of pious expectancy on the stiffening face of the dead man told that his last thought had been of the eternal heaven to which he was

Grossman, millionaire company-promoter, banker, and philanthropist, could not at once bring itself to forsake the body that had been its home for more than three score years, and it lingered for a little time within the cramped confines of the best coffin that money could buy. A fashionable firm of funeral directors had been entrusted with the final ceremony, and the embalming, as a result, was of the finest workmanship; but, even so, it was not long before the suffocating atmosphere of the grave began to be laden with a deep and sinister heaviness. Gradually the little soul became aware of the primal urge of a divine necessity impelling it to hazard the chances of its new-born liberty, and shaking itself free of the flesh forever, the soul of what once had been a man, escaped from the trammels of the world.

It soared onward and upward through the mahogany board, the rich loan, the grass, up into the clear air, and on through an infinity of inconceivable distances through the pure aether where the morning stars sang together, and the heavens declared the glory of God. Moons rose, and planets sailed by like gold-fish in a bowl, and friendly comets came and wagged their tails, and the dog-stars barked at the winging soul. Far below, dimly discerned through vast convolutions of chaos, the sun came forth like a bridegroom from his chamber. The days were telling one another, and one night was certifying another. The firmament was shewing the handiwork of its Creator, and matter and energy, mutually reacting, obeyed His law.

But the significance of this colossal exhibition was lost upon the soul panting for the nearby gates, the gentle pastures, the still waters, and the city built of fine gold where it was to be exalted forever, crowned and seated upon the Right Hand. This was the soul of a good, successful man, thank Heaven! and it had every right to claim its just reward. It rather hoped, too, that in this might be included the privilege of looking down at some of the fools and sinners in the fire.

But something had gone wrong, for nowhere could the little soul find the heaven that the late Mr. Grossman had so confidently expected to inhabit, and presently vague suggestions seemed to take shape and form in sound—the sound of a colossal laughter.

Heard dimly first as a faint jarring among the spheres, the volume of its noise rose and rolled in reverberating peals through the blind spaces of the universe. The little mean soul shrank into itself, seeking a vain escape from the all pervading laughter. The firmament was shaking its sides in paroxysms of holy mirth and in the observatories of five continents men on earth looking through long telescopes saw shooting stars and wavering comets and twinkling constellations.

That the Wilbur Grossmans of this world should imagine themselves capable of finding the Elysium of the young-eyed gods was too much for the Comic Spirit of the Universe, and a clanging peal of cosmic laughter destroyed the soul of a millionaire company-promoter, banker, and philanthropist in the cataclysm of its tempestuous immensity.

IRONY

by Vincent Starr

ONE wanted water,
But the pump was rust;
He begged for bread,
And they gave him dust;
He looked for Love,
And found Lust.

Another asked for water,
But was offered wine;
He begged a bit of bread,
And they took him to dine;
In the eyes of a Harlot
He saw Love shine.

Indubitably going.

For Mr. Grossman had been a Good Man.

His efficiency, hard-headedness, and an almost uncanny ability to forestall progress by a few hours and a great many dollars had won him an enviable reputation as a solid business man and a leading citizen. His domestic life was no less worthy of emulation. He was a devoted husband, and had presented his youthful, pretty wife with a pedigree bulldog which she loved with an almost maternal tenderness. Nor was he unmindful of the value of spiritual sincerity and humble religion. One of the most fashionable churches in the most exclusive suburb claimed him with pride as its most influential member; and as he reflected on his deathbed with no little satisfaction, his subscriptions to Foreign Missions had been superlative, too. He never played golf on Sunday.

And so he died—happy in the conviction that the frock-coated respectability of a lifetime of pious Sabbath punctuating the efficient hustling of six energetic week days had given him the inalienable right to a centre seat in the bald-headed row at all performances of the Heavenly Choir.

But things befell in this wise.

The soul of the late Mr. Wilbur O.

The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Published on Wednesdays during the academic year by the McGill Daily, the Official Organ of the Student's Society of McGill University

Editor:

A. J. M. SMITH

Associate Editor

ALLAN B. LATHAM

Contributions are welcomed from all members of the University. Articles submitted should be written on one side of the paper, and should be addressed to the Editor, the MCGILL DAILY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The editors are not responsible for the opinions of contributors to this publication.

Vol. I, No. 14

February 4, 1925

To Gown or Not to Gown?

THE proposal to compel undergraduates in Arts to wear gowns during lectures is one which merits serious consideration. The time when that academic custom was in vogue is now beyond the memory of most students, and the venture, if put into practice, will thus be in the nature of an instructive experiment. If attended with no other benefit it will at least furnish some accurate data for the formulation of a sound philosophy of clothes. How far does dress affect deportment, and the covering of the body influence the receptivity of the mind? Will the assumption of an academic garb be the occasion of a great revival of learning? May we expect an intellectual renaissance to accompany the donning of the toga? These are questions which will be answered if the majority of undergraduates in Arts are ready to override those who are inclined to oppose the adoption of the gown upon merely reasonable grounds. The opponents of the gown urge that the "black rag with a hole in it" will be an expense, even if a light one; that it will be a nuisance, making punctual students late and late students later; that it is not as efficient as an ordinary coarse "lab" coat for the protection of clothes; and, finally, that it is unsanitary. There is, no doubt, a certain weight behind these arguments, but that upon which the opponents of the gown have seemed most confidently to base their objections is that it will make the wearer look ridiculous. But this, surely, depends more upon the man in the gown than on the gown itself, and if precautions were taken to procure a long enough garment it might even be of no little service in providing a decent covering for bandy legs or knock knees. Nevertheless the contention that the gown will reduce the student to an absurdity is as reasonable as the idea that it will give him a grave and academic air. This in fact is the great experiment. Will the adoption of an academic dress make for better, more serious students, for men sincerely interested in science, art and letters, eagerly pursuing learning for its own sake, or will the gown be merely the untidy black rag it appears to the superficial observer? Will it bring with it those qualities and virtues of which it is the symbol, or will it be only the banner of an empty hope? For ourselves, we are frankly sceptical.

Enter the Players

THE keen interest exhibited in the work of the newly-formed Players' Club, and shown in the enthusiastic response to the call for players issued by the casting committee is a great source of satisfaction to all who are interested in the drama. For a long time McGill has borne the reproach of doing little to encourage a serious and enlightened dramatic activity. That reproach can now no longer be levelled, and that this is so is due in a great measure to the enthusiasm and effort of the undergraduates themselves.

The choice of plays for the first production is a bold and interesting one. A tense, almost melodramatic Galsworthy playlet, an Eastern fantasy, and one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations". This will please the most varied tastes, and their production in a home made Little Theatre should afford an interesting education in Stagecraft for producers, actors and audience alike. We wish the venture every success.

"BLUE PENCIL"

by Maurice Caron

Writers of news and staters of views,
Scanners of "copy" and critics who
muse,

Be this in praise of you.

Those who intend by pen to offend,
Those who contend the pen will mend,
Be this advice to you.

AFTER all, it does not seem so very long ago when we found that box of tacks in the cupboard. We were very young then. We took that box of tacks and pounded them into the top door-step—every tack in the box.

Had we waited a few years we would have expressed our freedom by hammering them into some design—the number of our father's house or profile of pretty sister.

But today we use the tacks only to keep down the corners of badly geared moulding.

And this little incident of the tacks is in everything we attempt. It enters by the door of youth's criticism, always ajar, and departs when tolerance sidles up to us and cracks a joke.

At first we have our own ideas about the tacks, then we are forced to follow someone's else's idea about them, and finally we form new ideas, having learned the "five finger exercises" of what we are doing.

Our writing is nothing other than our box of tacks. We enter some newspaper office, and, being glared at by a sharp and rather decent City Editor, spill our tacks, and hammer them where they lie. This man with a frown and a curse—but he is smiling—the while—introduces us to a dull blue pencil.

Instinctively we detest the little beast. In the hand of the City Editor it glides over the lines, hacking away, but writing very little.

One laughs at it then, and says "You fiend, and you can't write yourself. Yes, and I hate and hate and hate you."

The man at the desk looks at this blue pencil of his, sharpens it as though it were not sharp enough, fondles it and places it gently in the desk drawer. "Saying after me in the manner of the ritual 'Great Little God of Hosts and Dinner Parties, Speakers—and Mighty Champion of the Pen.'"

Again you and I, bring in our stories of the streets. The Blue'n takes his course bitter, but always less bitter, for he is teaching us what not to write.

One day we grow tired of watching his work. We see him lying upon the desk. Catching him in our fingers, we tip our "copy" with him. Even in our own hands he starts!

This is our first real introduction. Line by line we score our own sheets and smile in delight. The little creature smiles back as he whispers, "I am always smiling. I was smiling when you spilled the tacks. I laughed when you hammered them because I saw what was in you. Had you gathered all those tacks, and placed them back in the box and had sat composed, I would never have crossed out your lines. I wouldn't have been interested. Then you never would have written because you would never have known me."

Children of the pen, meet the blue pencil and make him your host, being careful the while of your table manners.

At the table you will note that you and pen will doze a little but blue pencil will keep awake. He is not allowed to sleep.

"Blue pencil, I hate you for that. Blue pencil I love you for that."

Grammar: A Study in Futility

OF the many subjects taught in our common schools perhaps grammar is the most futile. Grammar is a study which purports to acquaint the student with the multitudinous classifications of words and phrases, their proper use in sentences, and the changes which words and groups of words undergo in form in order to express various meanings.

Grammar regarded as a formal science is clearly ill-fitted for elementary public instruction; particularly because it is most complicated in its detailed analysis, its technical vocabulary is large and difficult, and the mere fact of its being only a formal science puts it in the order of precedence at an immeasurable distance behind natural history and natural philosophy. It is really a most frightful affair, when one considers that children in schools are subjected to years of the tyrannizing and mind-numbing influence of a crystallized set of formulae and analyses, which should be investigated by only the most specialized scholars. Children are graduated from schools with a knowledge of grammatical structure and accidence, which has been instilled in them with much pains and almost no understanding, while at the same time they are ignorant of the most fundamental facts of biology, geology and astronomy. It is the writer's opinion that more time is wasted in schools on the study of grammar than on any other subject, including what is known by the delusive name of "scripture."

Grammar, of course, may be urged on account of its value in assuring correctness of speech on the part of

those who have mastered it. Now right here is probably the crux of the whole matter for the advocati diabolici of grammar. There have always been two dialects spoken in every country—one of the plebeians and the other of the patricians. In large new countries like the United States and Canada there are vast hordes of people who are anxious to be considered as of the latter class. They are consequently under the necessity of adopting the patrician dialect. This they often cannot do, so they send their children to school to learn this strange language which is guaranteed to make for so much social prestige. Grammar which in this regard is an analysis of the speech of the small literary and cultured class, is held to be a short-cut to the Parnassus of "correct" utterance.

It is one of the theses of this discussion that grammar along with its sillier but less insidious twin, composition, is most useless as a channel for the ebullient middle and lower classes leading to the haven of the language of the blessed and perhaps the angels. It is here suggested that grammar as a school subject be forever banned—to be replaced by hours of conversation between the pupils and people who speak the blessed tongue of culture (say unsuccessful members of authors' associations) on all legitimate subjects from those of lunar and solar eclipses, parlor games, mediaeval handicraft, and Swiss winter sports to those of the life-history of frogs and the martyrdom of Alban Verulamius.

Without impugning the uselessness of instruction in grammar for infants, (Continued on page three)

The Enshrining of St. Diszno

by L. C. Tombs.

THE so-called Feast of St. Sylvester—New Year's Eve—is the jolliest as well as the most solemn night of the year in Hungary. Between Christmas and New Year's the good Hungarian people busy themselves preparing for this very special occasion when not St. Sylvester but St. Diszno is re-enshrined in the hearts of Magyarország, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Centuries ago, Hungary adopted as its patron saints, the one, the Blessed Virgin—whose statue, medal or picture, even wearing the Hungarian crown with the surmounting cross bent as Kossuth bent it in 1848, one sees everywhere with the Infant Christ in her arms; the other, St. Stephen, the heroic apostolic king, patron of Christianity and founder of the kingdom. Countless other saints are held in high regard, including the revered Sylvester, but first place is given—literally given—to that sweet little compelling figure, St. Diszno. New Year's Eve is unreservedly set aside to do him honour. But for days previous his name is on everyone's lips and his likeness is displayed everywhere.

On this feast which is erroneously known as St. Sylvester, a pleasant young Hungarian, who speaks English after a fashion, took me to one of the very many restaurants in Budapest where one may drink wonderful "tokaji" (pronounced "tokoy") and listen to delightful Hungarian music, tunelessly played by a "cigany" (gypsy) band. We ate the proverbial young roast pork, had one or two chocolate cakes and a tall, slender bottle of wine. There was no dancing but the music was very beautiful. Hungarian music, at the outset usually moving, sending wave after wave of emotion through one, very often takes on a happier complexion, finishing in a wild ecstasy of the "csardas" (pronounced "chardash") the rollicking national dance. The Hungarian gypsies are, with those of Rumania (notably Transylvania, part of Old Hungary), the true gypsies of legend and song, and play in an unexcelled manner. The café was crowded and stuffy with people and tobacco smoke. Men and women ate and ate and drank and drank. As midnight approached, more and more pressed in until scarcely standing room remained. St. Diszno veritably had many disciples. On the first stroke of twelve announcing the birth of A.D. 1925, the lights were mysteriously extinguished and brilliant red, white and green tongues of fire sprang up here and there. The gypsies commenced the impressive national hymn which hundreds sang or rather chanted. New Year's greetings were exchanged but strangely enough there was nothing of a demonstrative nature although Hungarians are a romantic and warm-hearted people. The lights flashed on. Then wonder of wonders: St. Diszno himself entered!

The saint in whose honour we (including even a Canadian) had gathered. But, alas! he was evidently "too far gone" to support himself with decorum and displayed a very marked unwillingness to accept the plaudits accorded him. Even the saint had succumbed on New Year's Eve—in fact he had to be securely carried by a grinning waiter, doubtless a species of acolyte cleverly disguised. Yet worse, St. Diszno, instead of bestowing blessings upon the hundreds before him, uttered sounds of a most inarticulate nature. He seemed greatly agitated, and it was all that his supporter could do to

French Players Light Comedy At the Orpheum

THE new French company of actors who are presenting light comedies at the Orpheum Theatre opened their second week on Monday night with Pierre Weber's "Chambre à Part." The French people in Montreal seem to be more fortunate than the English this season, for while two Parisian troupes, first the Porte St. Martin Company and now the present Company, have been playing at the Orpheum almost steadily since the first of October, legitimate plays have been crowded out of His Majesty's by burlesque shows

and musical comedies.

It would be unfair to the actors at present playing at the Orpheum to make comparisons to the Porte St. Martin players. The Porte St. Martin players were acting in plays that called for a certain depth of feeling, although they were sometimes guilty of crossing the boundary line into melodrama. The company now at the Orpheum makes no pretension to supply anything but amusement. But they do this with charm, art and a certain "je ne sais quoi." Last week in "La fleur d'oranger" M. Lemarchand gave a farcical interpretation of a bad-tempered father and this week MM. Charly Gerval and Gaston de St. Jean share honours with Mlle.

Dherblay in "Chambre à Part."

"Chambre à Part," as the name suggests, is a domestic comedy in which the material is derived from a young married couple who occupy separate rooms a little too consistently. Expressed thus it sounds a rather hackneyed situation for a comedy (and so it is) but it is made delightful by skilful handling and manipulation. Mlle. Dherblay makes a piquante Colette, the young wife who seeks a divorce after being married six months, and M. Charly Gerval (who made his initial appearance on Monday night) gives a very natural and virile picture of her husband. Mlle. Geneva is good as the buxom professional corespondent in divorce cases and so is Celeste Conway (of blessed memory) as the interfering maid. Of Mlle. Conway I say "of blessed memory" because it was she who as the English maid last week when questioned as to how she had got to France exclaimed, "So 'ee asked me to tyke a boat trip with 'im; but I was a good girl then."

Numerous asides and soliloquies are rather trying, but the actors play with such gusto and frankness that the artificiality of the play is not a fault. The only criticism I have to make is that the young man who ushered me to my seat when I entered was wearing a coat altogether too large for him when I spied him again this time on the stage as one of the guests at a dance. (But even at that I imagine an usher feels it more undignified to appear as a super than a super does to usher in a theatre.

—W.G.T.

The Ascetic Who Found Another Way

LIT a little candle
Before a little shrine;
I ate a little white bread,
And drank a little wine,
And stretched after vespers
Across a spikey pine:
I was sound asleep by nine.

Better to me than brandy
Was the bloody wine;
Sweeter than a lighthouse
My candle did shine,
And I thought that it was fitter
On bitter bread to dine
Than to sup at high table
On the red meat of kine.

But my body grew so weak
And my spirit so strong
That body couldn't follow
After very long
The dictates of the spirit,
And erred and did wrong.

So I snuffed the little candle,
And closed the little shrine;
I fed the birds the white bread,
And tossed off the wine:
I took a new line.

And now I drink brandy,
And juniper and gin,
And my jolly red nose
Makes even Parson grin,
And to eat a good beef steak
I hold as no sin—
Even on Friday
If the priest isn't in.

My spirit like my body
Grows mellow and gay;
They're both such boon companions
That every night I pray,
"Mary, keep them long together,"
Then I drink the dark away
Till the morning comes gray.

A. J. M. S.

prevent him from escaping through the door. St. Diszno, so soon to join the ranks of martyrs, perhaps more familiar by his Latin name of Porcus Sanctus, or to drag him down to vulgar English, stripping him of all his titles plain piglet, passed us to receive a pat or a pull of his diminutive, curly tail for "good luck." Several of his brothers soon arrived on the scene to undergo a similar process. The adoration of that animal so dear to the palates of Hungarians, but a repulsive beast to certain races and religions, officially ended the pig-

lets departed, carefully washed and combed as they were, with red, white and green ribbons around their chubby necks, yet destined to be eaten on the morrow. Then a grimy chimney sweep, scoty broom in hand, entered unseen and danced in and out between tables as another emblem of "good luck." Glasses were refilled, innumerable toasts were drunk, the gypsies struck up more cheerful music, and strengthened and inspired by the sight and voice and touch of their true patron saint, the festive ones saw too soon the grey light of New Year's Day.

Grammar: A Study in Futility

(Continued from page Two)

it might still be questioned whether the above substitution would be of much utility for we must always remember that the doctors of good speech often disagree. There is in fact, no real standard which we may erect as our criterion and beacon. One must keep in mind that neither a text-book of syntactical rules nor a manual of English composition was put in the hands of the great author of the Pentateuch on Mount Sinai. One must also retain in one's memory the venerable anecdote of the reply of Emperor Sigismondo at the trial of John Huss to the remark of a certain cardinal, who had objected to the emperor's treatment of the noun "schisma" as feminine, namely "Rex Romanorum sum et supra grammaticam."

By the daily consideration of these things with say a five-minute period of pondering over these little pragmatic stories we shall eventually become so incensed over this question that we shall be constrained to chase the monster grammar to its Warren where we shall mercilessly asphyxiate it.—A. B. L.

Vanity and Conceit

These two terms are almost always confused. I suggest a real distinction between them. Vanity refers rather to our regard for the opinions of others, conceit to our opinion of ourselves. The man who wishes to be thought clever is vain. The man who without foundation considers himself to be clever is conceited. Neither of these necessarily implies the other. People with an excessively high estimate of their own ability may care nothing about what others think of them. People without such a high self-esteem may still be very keen about securing the esteem of others. In actual life, vanity and conceit are usually, but not necessarily associated.

Little Jessie James Bright Musical Entertainment

EVIDENTLY overcome with remorse at having given us seats somewhere near the back of the theatre last week, the man in the box office at His Majesty's relented and went to the opposite extreme of placing us in the centre of row A. Our ears were removed only a few inches from the blaring saxophones of the James Boys, and our eyes but a little further from the twinkling legs of the small but select chorus which is not the least of the many attractive features of "Little Jessie James." Nevertheless in this case we lost little by the close proximity of the players. Their make-up was perfect, and the attractiveness of the girls was not lessened by close observation. The singing which was perhaps not as strong as it might be, is clear, and the words of the songs, many of them exceptionally witty, were easily distinguishable.

"Little Jessie James" is a very good example of the unpretentious, clever "intimate" type of musical comedy created by the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern combination at the Princess Theatre, New York, and while hardly up to the best of the Princess shows, it is a more than usually attractive musical play. It has all the necessary ingredients of a delightful entertainment—attractive, catchy music, a slight, farcical plot, some situations of genuine comedy, and a goodly proportion of neat lines, just spiced here and there with a sufficient flavor of "double entendre" to tickle the palate of those who like that sort of thing, and not enough to offend those who do not.

The plot, such as it is, deals with the troubles of a young man whose little "tea for two" with another man's wife is rendered hazardous by the invasion of his flat by a host of people including the lady's husband, a Herculean bill collector of unprepossessing appearance, his friend with whom he shares the apartment, and this gentleman's fiancée and prospective mother-in-law. Mixed up in it somehow is a low comedy furniture dealer who has been using the apartment as a show room, his customer from Kansas, and her sprightly daughter, Little Jessie James, who has come down to show Broadway that there is nothing slow about Kansas. The intrigue is more tangled than we can hope to unravel here. There is much misunderstanding and hiding and running about during which a young gentleman and a young lady are forced to seek refuge from their respective fiancée and husband in the capacious darkness of a disappearing bed. It is all very absurd, very funny, and deliciously well done.

The finest comedy is in the hands of Allen Kearns in the role of Tommy Tinker, the much harassed young man. Mr. Kearns is a comedian of rare ability. Every look, gesture, expression, tone of voice tells, and he kept the house in high spirits all the time he was on the stage. Laura Hamilton in the role of Little Jessie brought a impudent charm and a pleasing personality as well as a fine sense of comedy to the interpretation of a role that might have been written for her. If you want to see the modern flapper as drawn by John Held, Jr. in the pages of Judge and elsewhere look well at Burtress Dietch. It is not hard to do. The performance of John Muligan as this lady's saturnine hus-

The Ontogeny of an Artist

"A Story-Teller's Story" by
Sherwood Anderson

THE author of "Many Marriages" and "Horses and Men" has at last given us a book of frank confessions, startling in its self-revelation and instructive in its introspection. Although the contents of "A Story-teller's Story" are doubtless of no more reliable biographical value than the actual autobiography in some of Mr. Anderson's other works, we are always glad to have another work from the hand of one who is perhaps the greatest exponent of the new middle-western school of letters. For among the literary productions of Sherwood Anderson there exists no tale which is completely a disappointment.

Mr. Anderson's father was a traveling vagabond, whose slight pretence at a profession was occasional sign-posting and his mother was a hard-working silent woman of Italian descent destined to die young. He himself and his brothers had the most fortunate upbringing—they were partly vagabond along with their progenitor, (although they had to do most of his work, and were finally let loose upon the world to struggle for themselves, as in point of fact they had always done. The fortunate part of this is the marvellous set of experiences through which Sherwood Anderson was to pass and the intimate acquaintance with the life of the new industrial class and its by-products which he obtained thereby.

"A Story-teller's Story" is one of the best autobiographies that have even been written in the United States and is certainly very much better than the self-life of Mark Twain which was published at about the same time. I believe that the success of "A Story-teller's Story" is chiefly owing to its originality, ingenuousness, and entire lack of apparent plan. It might be said, in comparison, that the fault of Mark Twain's autobiography was the author's cold-blooded plan to compose his book without a plan.

—Anaximander.

The Garret

COME let us pity those who are better off than we are. Come, my friends, and remember that the rich have butlers and no friends, And we have friends and no butlers. Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet like a gilded Pavlova. And I am near my desire. Nor has life in it aught better Than this hour of clear coolness, the hour of waking together.

—EZRA POUND

band and the dancing of the eight chorus girls is all else that merits special praise.

On the whole "Little Jessie James" is a very pleasing entertainment, it is unpretentious and amusing, and the best way of spending an evening without using your head that can be found in town this week.

—A. J. M. S.

On Oysters, Old Hats & Old Shoes

(Continued from Page One).

from sheer bravado. Which all, in sheer truth, reminds us of the old adage which does state that necessity is the mother of invention.

Wrapping myself in my thoughts, after having paid for the draught which I had had off tap, I proceeded towards Westminster, where many brave men do lie, in dust; and as I wandered through the busy streets I did wonder how many of those mortals who do lie within the Abbey had become famous because of necessity and not because of natural desires. Even, says I, that renowned bard Shakespeare—though his bones do not lie within Westminster—might never have become the famed playwright that he was, if he had not had to work for a living, whereas it is also said that the ancient Greek who lived in the barrel—I remember not his name at the moment—did so only because of an irate landlord. And verily, that sweet lady of Scotland, Queen Mary, did attain great fame only through the kindly though unasked for interest of Elizabeth.

It was while thinking thus, that I saw approaching my friend of the Tusked Boar and White Hind, and I easily perceived that he was in his early morning jovial mood. "Greetings, friend," says he, as he extended his daintily scented fingers for me to touch airily. "I listened yesterday fortnight to an eloquent and devout sermon by the Lord Bishop of Tweed-eeze in which his reverence discoursed at great length upon the greatness of Jonah. But yet," says he, "I cannot for the life of me see why the prophet should be elevated so highly, save that he was swallowed by a whale. And I doubt not but that Jonah himself had no wish to pass through that gruesome experience. Yet a dog's obeyed in office and Jonah is lauded by the Bishop. In sooth if this fundamentalism comes not to a quick stop there shall be a schism within the ranks of the clergy."

And so saying, the man with the nose that shone in the night like a lantern, hustled away to be lost in the mass of hurrying citizens. Yes, indeed, fair reader, it was not a bold man that first ate an oyster. But that does not answer the question: Why do we eat oysters this day?

On Old Hats and Old Shoes.

THIS day was shopping day, for I found that my toes were nigh projecting through my shoes and that my hat was but a sorry sight. In consequence I did take my way towards the purveyors of clothing for the sterner sex, where after some hesitation I did purchase (1) one new hat of a rakish cavalierish style, in spite of the Cromwellian spirit of the time and (2) one pair of fine shoes for the covering of my feet.

Then to home—that is to my poor apartments—where I did throw my old garb aside and did don the new. But laying my time-worn shoes and my faded hat away, the joy of purchase did leave me and keen pangs of regret did enter in instead. For of a truth old shoes and old hats are like old friends. They have been well tried and have been faithful, though the rocks on the road of life have been keen and though the showers from the skies of adversity have been mightily heavy. Donning my new head gear it did fit but ill; yet I knew as the days did pass by, it would settle around my head with the greatest of comfort, fitting itself without being fitted, every bit of the inside clinging snugly. Hats, he it said, become used to one's head only as the time passes; and when a hat

A Study in Nomenclature

(Continued from Page One).

continually asking when a true native poetry and prose will appear. I shrink from committing myself on such an important question, but I would suggest that if the tradition attaching itself to names has any meaning, we who are at McGill should soon see a great uprising on this side of the water. Within our walls are Bacon, Burke, Burns, Macaulay and Scott; and we are even reminded of Robert Louis Stevenson when we find that both Jekyll and Hyde are with us.

If one wished to use a horribly mixed metaphor he might say that we have all shades of opinion in the University—Black, Blond, Brown, Gray, Green and also pure White. But we cannot boast of having all the seasons, for only Summer, Falls and Winter are here. And it would seem obvious that during the session the latter is predominant, as we have both Snow and a Snowball; in fact, the weather might always be Fair and Cool, were there not a trace of Fogg in the Airey.

Although many other gleanings of interest could be made, I will make but one, and that of particular reference to the plutocrats among us; I find that, as far as automobiles are concerned we can boast of but one Pierce, one Maxwell and one Ford.

is old and done for, I do give it to a wandering vagabond of a soldier with feelings of sorrow and regret, for I am giving away a friend who has served me well. It has covered me from storms, it has cast aside the hot glances of the king of the heavens, and its waving plume has been admired by eyes that shone with delight as I walked through the throngs in the park. Well can I realize why the Latin historian said of Caesar that he would as lief lose his head as his helmet, for without the latter the former would have been worth but little; and why also, when Horatio did swim the Tiber he had a great care to bring his equipment along with him: verily, a new metal headpiece would have required much fitting and fixing and the old one, though dented, was still truly useful. In sooth, then, our hats and our friends are much alike, for they are hard to get, easily lost, they know our head and our head, knowing them, loves them and is loath to part with them.

So also it is with our boots and shoes, be they of the seven league varley or of the type which are worn at court functions only. Often do we hear red blooded men express the wish to die with their shoes on, for they know then that if they do so, they do finish this life in the company of friends. A shoe that doth hurt is no friend, but merely an acquaintance, for one whom you know well taketh full care never to press either against corns or bunions, pressure on sore spots inevitably causing irritation, which well may prove fatal. But a true shoe protecteth the sole from hurt, even as does a friend protect his friend's reputation from harm, spreading no idle rumours and allowing none to be spread. Both shoes and friends are great helps and aids along the somewhat dusty and stony road of life, and when they must be laid aside, we do it with a tear and with a sigh.

Yes, this day I did purchase new shoes and a new hat. I wear them this night when I shall sally forth to the play at the Globe; but, in full faith, I am sure that that wretched vagabond to whom I gave my cast-off apparel but this minute, will be more comfortable with my old friends, than I shall be with mine, that are new.